In lieu of this, laſt night did lie with me.
Gra. Why this is like the mending of high wayes
In ſummer, where the wayes are faire enough.
What, are we Cuckolds ere we haue deſeru'd it?
Por. Speake not ſo groſſely, you are all amaz'd;
Heere is a Letter, reade it at your leiſure,
It comes from *Padua* from *Bellario*,
There you ſhall finde that *Portia* was the Doctor,
Nerriſſa there her Clarke. *Lorenzo* heere
Shall witneſſe I ſet foorth as ſoone as you,
And euen but now return'd; I haue not yet
Entred my houſe. *Anthonio*, you are welcome,
And I haue better newes in ſtore for you
Then you expect; vnſeale this letter ſoone,
There you ſhall finde three of your Argoſies
Are richly come to harbour ſodainly.
You ſhall not know by what ſtrange accident
I chanced on this Letter.
Ant. I am dumbe.
Baſſ. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?
Gra. Were you the Clarke that is to make me Cuckold?
Ner. I, but the Clarke that neuer meanes to do it,
Vnleſſe he liue vntill he be a man.
Baſſ. (Sweete Doctor) you ſhall be my bed-fellow,
When I am abſent, then lie with my wife.
An. Sweet Lady, you haue giuen me life and liuing;
For heere I reade for certaine, that my Ships
Are ſafely come to Rode.
Por. How now *Lorenzo*,
My Clarke hath ſome good comforts too for you.
Ner. I, and ile giue them him without a fee,
There do I giue to you and *Ieſſica*
From the rich Iew, a ſpeciall deed of gift
After his death, of all he dies poſſeſt off.
Loren. Faire Ladies, you drop Manna in the way
Of ſtarued people.

Por.

Por. It is almoſt m
And yet Ime ſure you
Of theſe euents at ful
And charge vs there
And we will anſwer a
Gra. Let it be ſo, th
That my *Nerriſſa* ſha
Whether till the next
Or go to bed now, be
But were the day com
That I were couching
Well, while I liue, ile
So ſore, as keeping ſa